

# The Qc Quarterly

## In This Issue:

**Our 7th Annual Travel  
Palette Competition**

**Brushes Ahoy  
In Apulia Italy**

**Trapped! An Interview  
with Bob Cartwright**

**Dangers and Perils of  
Plein Air Painting**

**Horace Rathbone's  
Incredible Tales of Art**

**QC Science Labs™  
On Cypress Trees**

**And Much, Much More!**

*All the art that's fit to paint.*



## EDITOR'S NOTE

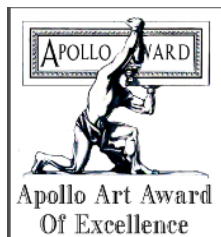
Like gum Arabic flowing through a tube of paint so goes the color of our lives. Do not despair when the clock strikes twelve and the day is done without a line nor brushstroke to account for your quiddity. The sun will rise again and so shall you. Stop engaging in vainly repetitive activities.

Spend more time in your studio. Perseverance makes the artist. Life is hardly about lifelong hardships and finding yourself. Instead, locate yourself lost in your studio. That's where the art is at.



Mike Rome, QC Quarterly Editor

## AWARDS & PRIZES



### DEAD FISH AWARD



## A WORD FROM OUR SPONSOR

UNCLE BILLY "BUCK" BANKS



With this latest issue we have once again proven beyond all reasonable doubt that yet another ignominious art magazine can limp along like a lame dog, surviving on bones and broth, supplemented by a borrowed wheel barrow to deliver printed copies so it shall live yet another day.

To fill the empty voids—in our ever expanding search for competent writers (from the respected world of journalism)—so far only a filling station attendant in Topeka, Kansas has fit the bill. His spelling and grammatical skills when posting gasoline prices vastly outshines any first rate coastal english major that we have encountered so far.

Yet, we are thwarted at every turn. Given the current state of social upheaval our interview process has been vastly restricted. We are now only to discuss topics of weather and various percussion instruments used to win a World Series. Who would have guessed that asking a simple question—to diagram a simple sentence—is now an affront to reading and writing inequality? As with all national and local newspapers, I am now required to employ at least three illiterates to every one literate on my writing staff. We have the three—but not the one.

As I fruitlessly aim to regain my investment, I loath to sink another dime in this jim-jam rag which purports itself as a pillar of literacy and art. For those who wish to forge ahead, then forge a head on your own. Before the cock crows twice I shall thrice deny this magazine another nickel to publish again.



J. K. Bryans



## THE BULLETIN BOARD

**In these trying times** when art stores are not considered essential commodities to remain open, we learn that liquor stores and pot shops are. In future we hope our favorite art shops begin carrying ample supplies of rum, whiskey, and Kentucky bourbon as well as hey bails of smokable weed. Then they'll remain open.



**Will trade** two used tubes of Bismuth yellow for one used tube of Cadmium yellow medium. Must be at least half full. And sanitize the lid!

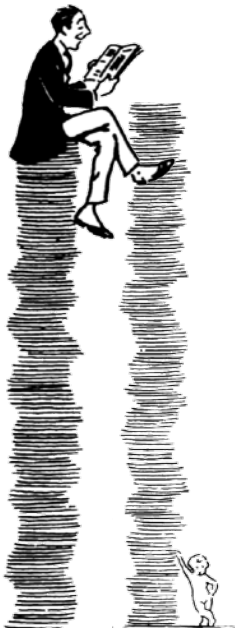
**Desperate for a squeeze** of Quinacridone Gold to finish the leaves in my landscape painting. Meet me in the canned goods section at the local Safeway. The isle is empty—no one will know.

**Out of rubbing alcohol** to clean my brushes. Any spare around? Used up all my Tequila and now can't even make a decent margarita.

**Would someone lend** me a full sheet of Arches paper—300lb? Will pay you back as soon as the art stores reopen. Cold press preferred.

**Looking for someone** with Cadmium red who is willing to finish the apples in my still life painting. You can finish the cherries, too.

**Among all my wildlife** paintings, twenty-five are of bats. Can not give them away. Any takers?



## A WORD ON PAPER

BY HALF PENNY ANTE



If I had but one roll of toilet paper,  
I would gladly unroll half—  
To buy a tube of Cobalt Blue  
To paint and craft.

—Anonymous

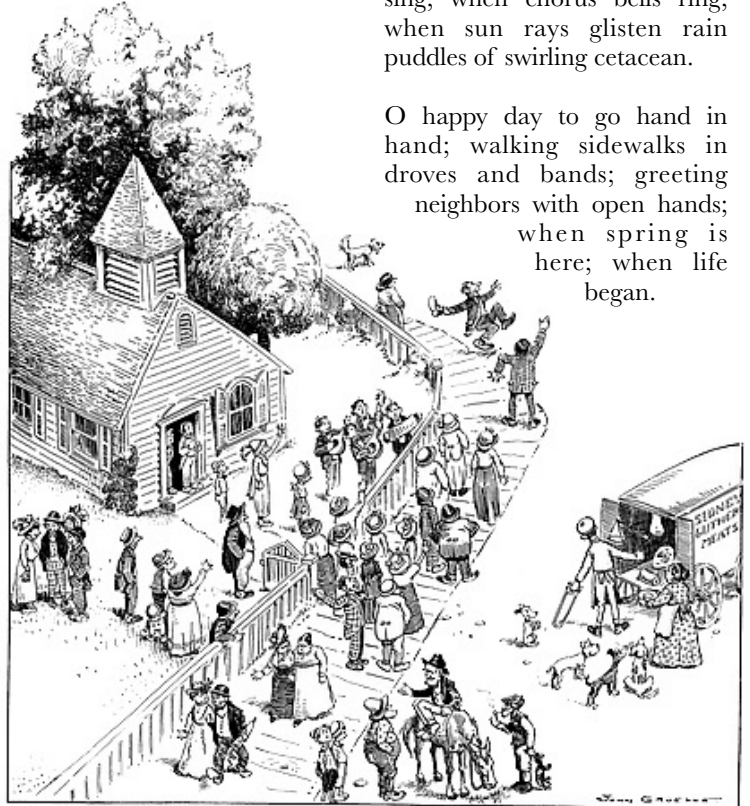
**Shapes of eminently decorative vision** with an oddly mingled contempt

for reality are nearly primitive in form, while taken in their entirety, their designs labor under the mistaken notion that either (cont. page 47)

## EVENTS AND HAPPENINGS

### International

Plein Air Painting:  
3/15/20 - onward.  
Groups of one or less.



### O Happy Day!

When spring is here; when  
leaves grow green; when streets  
blow clean; when bird songs  
sing; when chorus bells ring;  
when sun rays glisten rain  
puddles of swirling cetacean.

O happy day to go hand in  
hand; walking sidewalks in  
droves and bands; greeting  
neighbors with open hands;  
when spring is here; when life  
began.

## GENERAL INFORMATION

**Membership** in the QC Watercolor Society (QCWS) requires an artist to undergo the *Great 28 Day Painting Challenge*, where a painting a day is painted for a series of at least twenty-eight straight days. Upon completion the artist is then juried into the society based on pure unbridled prejudice—whether we like you or not.

**The QC Quarterly relies extensively** on the generosity of Archive.org, OpenLibrary.org, Sugarmegs.org, Wikipedia, and Google (free) Books to bring you the most obscure information possible. Please donate to each when ever possible. A few bucks a year creates a world of good that keeps art and culture alive.

**Contacting us** is never advised. Yet, we accept all kinds of bribes, financial contributions, and shifty advice to get ahead. If you feel like complaining, and if we ever feel like publishing again, write to us at: [GoneFishingAndPainting@gmail.com](mailto:GoneFishingAndPainting@gmail.com).



## THE GREAT ANNUAL TRAVEL PALETTE COMPETITION



BEST CHOICE OF PRINTS



WEINER DOG DESIGN AWARD



MOST INNOVATED LAYOUT

## TELL ME A TALE

### OUR 7TH ANNUAL TRAVEL PALETTE COMPETITION

#### Wrangling was fierce at our 7th annual Travel Palette Competition.

Artists entered pictures of their most prized travel palettes while laying bare details of the paints in each well. The contest was nothing less than a no holds barred poker tournament, revealing watercolorists's most treasured secrets.

First round of elimination flew by quickly. Palettes failing to include ample supplies of orange were instantly eliminated—orange being one of the quintessential paints in any pro's palette. No artist paints without it.



Round two saw meticulous scrutiny of yellows, being judged on transparency, light-fastness, and overall warmth. Jurors looked tepidly on cool yellows while favoring robust yellows, instead. Palettes containing Lemon Yellow took a heavy beating while Primrose and New Gamboge weathered well against the storm.

Round three was a bloodbath, making or breaking a palette before entering into the final round of elimination. Emphasis pivoted on the blues. Jurors remained tight lipped on their choices, seemingly favoring Cyans and Indanthrons while showing no allure towards Cerulean. And that age old debate raged on—whether Cobalt and Ultramarine ought to both be included in the same palette. Purists argue each are distinct pigments while practitioners doggedly disagree—one or the other but not both. Regardless, inclusion of turquoise dispersed all disputes, swiftly propelling a palette into the finals.

In the fourth and final round appearance, layout, and mixing ability were heavily scrutinized front and center. Though not a true travel palette, Cheap Joe's Sojourner porcelain palette took first place in all categories. Best of show went to the Frank Herring fold out plastic palette sold exclusively by Jackson's Art of the UK. Its large wells, portability, and four large mixing trays made it a favorite among jurors.



Finally, third place went to a homemade tray made out of a used *Hechos a Mano* cigar box. Its distinct odor and customized wells proved well adept for rugged outdoor painting.

With special thanks to all our challengers, we look forward to next year's competition.

1. Cadmium Lemon
2. Nickel Azo Yellow
3. Raw Sienna
4. Brown Madder
5. Alizarin Crimson
6. Quin. Gold
7. Quin. Gold Deep
8. Cad. Red Deep
9. Cad. Red Light
10. Cad. Scarlet
11. Indian Yellow
12. Italian Ochre
13. Quin. Magenta
14. Rose Madder
15. Cad. Red Medium
16. Cad. Yellow Medium
17. Burgundy Ochre
18. Raw Umber
19. Manganese Blue
20. F. Ultra Marine
21. Yellow Ochre
22. Bt. Sienna
23. Bt. Umber
24. Cobalt Blue
25. Cerulean Blue
26. Bt. Umber
27. Sap Green (Phthalo)
28. Perylene Maroon
29. Cobalt Turquoise
30. Iron Blue
31. Neutral Tint
32. Lamp Black
33. Ivory Black
34. Phthalo Blue
35. Indigo





# BRUSHES AHoy IN APULIA, ITALY

TRAVELS OF CANDICE DUCREUX

**Apulia is a dream!** The joy of traveling along Italy's heel is a bliss! We rounded mountain roads, trailing behind ewes, geese, and mule drawn carts. At breakfast our instructor, Mario Livonia, meets us. He is a legend. His paintings are seen up and down the coast. Art is secondary to Mario—dining is first. Everyone agrees. First we eat, make merry, then we paint. This is Mario's way. We adapt quickly.



There at the ancient Roman arena is where we first set up our easels. The experience is exhilarating. We begin at a gallop pace. Mario first points to his left. "Draw that!", he exclaims. Draw what? "Where my finger points", he retorts. He explains no further. He is a man of few words. Two minutes later, "*Smettere!*" We obey—we stop. Mario then points to his right. "Draw that!" So we draw where his finger points. Minutes later, "*Smettere!*"



We dutifully obey again. This time Mario points straight ahead. "Draw that!" This *toing and froing* continues five more times until Mario declares warmups are over.

At the break Mario studies our drawings. He puts them to memory as he considers the best. Now it is time for our twenty minute drawings. Again his thinking finger circles the air. He points to our first subject. "Draw that—again!" We draw it again, what we drew before. Twenty minutes later, "*Smettere!*" Abruptly we halt. His finger swirls and points to our next subject. "Draw that—again!" We draw it, again. It is a doggedly world in which we

live in. Who knows what comes next. Finally, our drawing period is over and it is time to paint. But first we eat. It is nearly noon. We are famished.

Two minute warmups are drawn on quarter sheets while twenty minute drawings are on half sheets. Mario insists. It seems a careless waste of watercolor paper but Mario pays no heed. "Who among you drinks cheap wine as a precursor to fine? Absurd! Always drink fine wine—never the cheap. And always draw on the finest watercolor paper. Who knows what masterpieces lurk in the graphite." We retreat to lunch, later returning well greased to take on the ancient Roman arena once again.



Mario has little patience for delicacies. To start he paints with a large mop brush, followed by a haggard flat brush, finishing with a liner to emphasis the subtleties. He can paint with mere sticks and his art will never suffer. So he tells us, "Choose your favorite three brushes—no more! These will be your brushes until the day is done. Then of your paints choose a maroon, two yellows, one blue, and two more of your choosing—no more! Your tools are set; you are now free to paint."

We posture before our easels as Mario walks amongst us, one by one. From our twenty-minute drawings he chooses the one we will paint. He sets the half sheet on our easel, barking, "Begin!" He grants two hours, counting down each fifteen minutes on the dot. It is intoxicating. After this we paint two of our quarter sheet drawings before retiring to dinner, critique, and wine. There is no room for fiddling. Art flows like a river. Four more days are lived as this one. Without a thought I will return to Apulia to paint with Mario once again.



## VERSE

### DREAM DEFERRED

by Langston Hughes  
1902-1967

What happens to a dream deferred?  
Does it dry up  
like a raisin in the sun?  
Or fester like a sore—  
And then run?  
Does it stink like rotten meat?  
Or crust and sugar over—  
like a syrupy sweet?  
Maybe it just sags  
like a heavy load.  
Or does it simply explode?

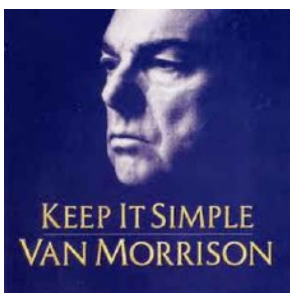
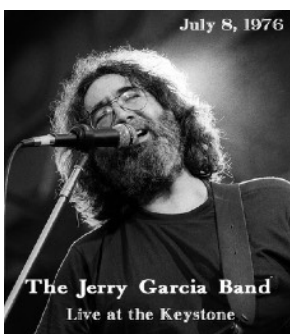
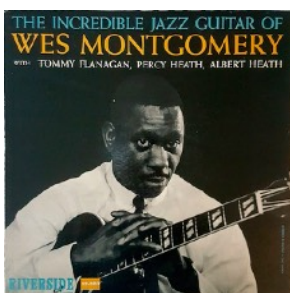
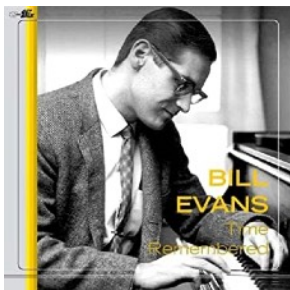
## AT GALLERY

### "AFTERNOON IN SPAIN"

by J. Revs



## THE FIVE MUSIC PICKS OF BOB CARTWRIGHT



## TRAPPED!

WHICH FIVE ALBUMS WOULD YOU CHOOSE?

**You are quarantined,** *trapped, unable to leave your art studio for four long weeks. You only have five record albums to listen to while watercolor painting, so which would you choose? An academic question, you jest? We presented this scenario to artist Bob Cartwright and this is his response:*

**Us:** Bob, you know the score. You've been quarantined. There's no way out. You're trapped in your art studio for four long weeks. Due to limitations you're only allowed a few extra things—namely, five music albums. So which five would you choose?

**Bob:** First, I would pick Bill Evans; his melodic album *Time Remembered*. The LP version, of course.

**Us:** What's so special about that album that you'd pick it first?

**Bob:** I listen to jazz quite frequently. Especially while I paint. It relaxes me. There are no vocals so I'm not distracted by lyrics. This album is probably the most soothing album I own. If there is anything which can quiet my thoughts, it's this album.

**Us:** And your second choice?

**Bob:** That would be *The Incredible Jazz Guitar* by Wes Montgomery, no doubt. Who could ever paint in their studio without Wes Montgomery? He gives the rhythm and tempo for making things happen. If ever I'm in a slump, Wes pulls me up.

**Us:** There seems to be a trend to your choices so far.

**Bob:** When I'm in my studio I want to tune-out from everyday life and tune-in to my art. Bill and Wes do that for me.

**Us:** Okay, we're at the peak. It's the all important third choice. What now?

**Bob:** Country Joe's *Paradise with an Ocean View*. This album is tops. It's perhaps the greatest of all Country Joe's albums. It keeps me moving. I don't want to sit idle in front of my paintings. I want my art to move with the music. Country Joe is full of energy and makes that happen.

**Us:** Another 1960's album?

**Bob:** You can't beat the '60s.

**Us:** Good choice. Now we're narrowing down to your fourth choice.

**Bob:** Sometimes I want to be in a mood, you know. It's not always about being happy or sad. It's about what's going on. I have this bootleg recording of Jerry Garcia. It was recorded at the Keystone on July 8th, —76. Donna and Keith are there. It's the best. Jerry could bend music into all different shapes. Sometimes I want to do that in my art. That's when I reach for Jerry.

**Us:** Okay, it's your final pick. There's no more wiggle room. Officials are locking the door and you're nearly trapped. What's it going to be?

**Bob:** There is no one like Van Morrison. If he recorded it, I've got it. I'd have to pick *Keep It Simple*. It's the wind-down album for me. With it I pour a deep glass of red wine, sit down in front of my painting and study it—where it's at and where it's going. It's at this the time I set aside my brushes and do no harm.

**Us:** That about wraps it up, Bob. We're locking you in. Four weeks from now we look forward to see all the new paintings you create. Until then, hang tight.



## FIELD NOTES:

## DANGERS AND PERILS OF PLEIN AIR PAINTING

(A PROFESSIONAL ARTIST'S GUIDE INTO THE WILDERNESS)

**Deep in the backcountry** of Colorado, trampling along the rugged regions between the great Rocky Mountains and the great Colorado Plateau, there is a many mile long winding gorge and tributary known as Plateau Creek Canyon. Few artists venture into this desolate area while even fewer ever want to return.

Enormous wild open spaces, rocky terrain, towering vistas, sage brush, oak brush, and big blue skies are all there to capture on canvas. For the faint of heart beware of the stalking mountain lions, bobcats, brown bears, and big horn sheep that claim this land as their own. None fear the other—nor do they fear you.

Tucked tightly in my backpack is a portable easel, chair, watercolor palette, water bottle, and assortment of art supplies for plein air painting. No weapon or gun of any sort is carried. There is no point. Wild cats are rarely seen or heard before their attack.



This is the land where art meets danger, where brushes move rapidly, where a painting remains incomplete until later finished in the safety of home.

In this perilous land the plein air artist keeps one eye focused on his subject while another looking over his shoulder. At all times awareness must be maintained. The artist is only a visitor in this wild country. There is no shelter, no safety, no places to hide—only the hungry and the prey.

After capturing on paper the essence of my subject, I dawdle no longer. It is wise to leave. It is only a matter of time before tooth and claw greets me. Along the rugged trail I make haste back to the safety of my car. As always it is all done for art and the sake of art.

THE GREAT ROCK'N  
PNEUMONIA SERIES

ARTIST: HORACE RATHBONE



## ADS OF CONTRITION

HOW WE PAY THE BILLS

Genuine  
Cadmium YokeQC SCIENCE LABS™  
BRINGS BACK YOUR  
OLD FAVORITE!Our Exclusive Formula  
Guarantees Results!Conforms to ASTM D-4236 and Medicare  
Part D: Pigment PY36b; LightFast: Okay.Genuinely Cheap  
Butcher Shop  
PaperSlaughter Your Next  
Watercolor Painting  
with Ease.Trusted by  
Amateur Artists  
for over 37 years."Merlot, Zin, or Cadmium Red?  
Pick your poison."

## Horace Rathbone's Incredible Tales of Art



**At Museum de Ventrally the nights are dank and dark.** Only the odor of mold and must is trusted as truth. All else is deceit. The floundering leadership accentuates the museum's continued crumble into ruin. Beseeched by scandal and scorned by lies, honesty has utterly vanished in the halls of this once great haven of art.

At night Bernardo Bucci sweeps floors and removes dust under the dimmed lights that illuminate the hundreds of paintings that hang in the museum. His pale eyes can be painted a hundred different ways, each telling another untold story about the museum. His lips are sealed, and no amount of money can loosen them to speak of the atrocities he has seen there.

Cerebella Rica is another fixture of Museum de Ventrally. She is a torrent of a woman; the burning flame that causes candles to melt into begrimed wax. She is the horse's breath that turns men's wanting desires into dust. She lives for hatred and hatred is her lasting delight.

The rain poured well into the night as puddles formed where Cerebella purposely walked. Bernardo heard the heavy cast doors slam as she strolled across the freshly mopped floors. She passed him without notice as every step she took was recorded on the clean stone tiles. There was no choice but retrace where she had come and where she had gone, mopping up the mud that her gritty shoes left behind.

Bernardo paced himself, mesmerized by the swirling rag mop as it oscillated in regular patterns to the music playing in his head. Step by step he made his way forward, vanquishing each sodden step that Cerebella Rica purposely deposited on those cold stone floors.

Forty years ago they were children of the same age. Bernardo was the son of a widowed mother who cleaned and sewn clothing to feed her family. Cerebella was the daughter of Juan Pedro Rica, curator of the Museum de Ventrally, and of family name and fortune. Even then their lives were cast at an early age. At age 13 Bernardo began working for Juan Pedro Rica as custodian, and now forty years later he works for Cerebella Rica in the same meager capacity.

Bernardo passed the portrait of the Madonna where he made his usual sign of the cross and reparations for forgiveness. Then a rattling broke his concentration—the sound of a metal chain spinning across the floor. His mop had caught something. Against the wall across the room lay a silver necklace. He picked it up and immediately recognized the pendant. Engraved were the words *To My Love and My Wife, Gabriella Bucci.*

The pendant had belonged to his mother. On her orders he had sold it years ago. She had been ill for several weeks and the family needed money. Bernardo had approached Juan Pedro Rica to buy the necklace. The very next day he began as custodian.



# QC SCIENCE LABS™

ON ALIGNING CYPRESS TREES

Dear QC Science Labs™,

Recently my husband wrote you about painting fence posts. But I don't paint fence posts—I paint cypress trees. I want to paint seven in a row, descending off into the distance like a solemn cortège of mourning monks. How do I do that and make them all look right?

Marleen B. Bullard  
Howard's wife  
South Sioux City, NB

Dear Marleen,

We put forth this question to our foremost thinkers here at QC Science Labs™ to solve this ever evasive problem which regularly stumps cypress tree painters like yourself.

First, begin by thinking about bookends. Initially draw two cypress trees on either end of the row that you want to draw. Then draw lines **a** and **b** that connect the top and bottom of each cypress tree, as seen in **Figure 1**.

Next, draw five additional lines between lines **a** and **b**, spaced equal distance apart, as seen in **Figure 2**. Now you have seven lines all together—each for the seven cypress trees that you want to create.

Now the tricky bit. Draw line **c**, connecting the base of the first cypress tree to the top of the last tree, as seen in **Figure 3**.

Lastly, at each intersection point on line **c**, where the inner lines cross **c**, draw the remaining five cypress trees, as seen in **Figures 4 and 5**. Voila! You now have a row of cypress trees which appear proportionally correct.

QC Science Labs™



## POETRY A MOMENT

by L. A. G. Strong  
(1896-1958)

The winter afternoon  
Is clear and still,  
And Time sits thinking  
On this frozen hill.

Stand high upon the rocks,  
Take horn and blow.  
Far out across the moor  
The long notes go.

The rabbit suddenly  
Attentive sits,  
No stir about him but  
His little wits.

Her hunger all forgot,  
A speckled bird  
Ponders with head on side  
What she has heard.

## MORE ADS

HOW WE PAY THE BILLS

**Mel's  
Ferrule and Bristle  
Repair**

Let Mel Repair Your Fare!  
Ferrules and Brittle Bristles  
All while You Wait!

License No. 480337332

## Frames by Serge Roach

The Finest Collection of  
Old Worm Wood & Rotten  
Belguim Frames.

4, Rue Victor Masse, Paris

## DEATH MASKS



You Finally Wrote A Will,  
But Have You Planned  
Your Death Mask?

TRUST THE PLASTER EXPERTS OF  
WILLIAM & PERRY

License No. D59422A7002

# THE PLAYGROUND

TIME TO TAKE THE PLUNGE: THE 30 DAY CHALLENGE!







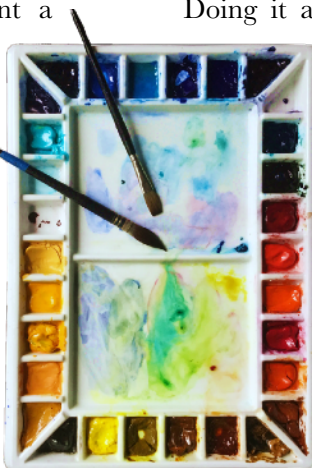
# THE PLAYGROUND

## TIME TO TAKE THE PLUNGE: THE 30 DAY CHALLENGE!

**Salad days**—days that are a chaotic scramble of pure nonsense. It's during such times when an orderly main course should be served to ward off the pandemonium that is completely out of your control.

During these current Salad Days it is time to take the plunge—into a 30 Day Art Challenge. Let's get creative.

A 30 Day Art Challenge is a test of an artist's ability to paint a painting each day for thirty straight days until you finally drop from exhaustion. There are no expectations of masterpieces or gallery quality work to be produced. Quite the contraire, these paintings can be little more than sketches or wild creations of scraps and half-backed ideas.



The main point is to be creative; to produce art each day for the simple sake of art; to stir your artistic juices into motion; to keep your creativity from faltering and going stale.

There are several easy tips before starting. Mainly, *keep it simple*. Decide on a consistent size for your artwork. Decide on the colors that you will exclusively use. And decide on an overall theme or style to follow.

For example, for a consistent size take a full sheet of watercolor paper and cut it up into six 7"x11" squares. Use both front and back. Make your squares large enough so not to hamper your creativity. Remember, you always need ample room to draw.

Second, decide on your colors. Limit yourself severely. You might only choose an ink pen and two colors like yellow and orange. Keep it simple.

Next, decide on an easy theme or style for all thirty paintings. For example, make baseball cards or playing cards with a simple drawing as the focus. Keep it simple.

Involve others in the challenge. Doing it alone is down right lonely.

There is no reason to be lonely when there are plenty of artists in your circle of friends. They will jump at the chance to paint along. Contact them, one by one. Form the group. Then agree on a starting date, and then go for it.

Without exception everyone must be committed to the one

unconditional term: *A painting a day for thirty straight days—no excuses!*

The final tip involves social media such as email or Facebook to post each day's results. Everyone in the group should send an image of their daily painting to one person. That person gathers the images then posts them back to the group in the form of a single email or Facebook posting. This last step is crucial. It enforces a subtle shaming on the stragglers who are not serious about the challenge. Being left out of the daily posting is powerful medicine. Ignore the stragglers and move on.

So be clever during these Salad Days. Be an artist.



## Burnt Sienna

Deep Roasted Pigment



Milled and Ground  
in the Finest Tradition  
of Italian Paints.

IT'S NATURAL PBR7—NOT FROM SYNTHETIC!

## Lock the Clock!



## End DayLight Savings Time!

Mail your unwanted  
clocks to Washington DC  
to express your disdain.

Senate Office Building  
o/c The Honorable 100  
United States Senate  
Washington, D.C. 20510



Place  
Stamp  
Here



## Can You Paint This Picture?



Dear QC Watercolor Society,

Yes! Please send me information about becoming  
a QC member today!

name \_\_\_\_\_

address \_\_\_\_\_

city \_\_\_\_\_

state \_\_\_\_\_ zip code \_\_\_\_\_

## Then You Are In Demand!

Do you like to sketch and draw? Dabble in watermedia paints? Have excess money to blow on a meaningless art society membership? Then join us at the QC Watercolor Society today! Band together with fellow artists and transform yourself into the artist that you always wanted to be! Paint and draw as much as you like—we don't care. Just send us your money, then delight in bragging to others that you're one of us. It's that simple! Just send us your money! Today!